

# A Tribe Called Quest Lyrics

"His Name is Mutty Ranks"

*[Phife Dawg]*

Live and direct, live and direct!  
You know what live and direct mean?  
Live and direct, come!!!

Yeah yeah, yeah yeah, yeah yeah, how you be, how you be?  
From New York to A-T-Aliens, youknowwhat!msayin?  
Word up, do it like this  
Word up word up, do it like that  
And you don't stop, and you don't quit  
Unless you're in the studio doin wack shit  
Yo check it

Boom batta, watch your teeth shatter  
All that shit you pop in your jams, it won't matter  
Bust your whole grill, now watch that joint shatter  
I'm the Captain of the ship, FUCK a William Shatner  
Emcees be poppin shit when they squeezin they cake batter  
Claimin they style be fat, but guess whose style is fatter?  
The ill beat jacker, emcee attacker  
Fuckin with the Diggy it don't, get no blacker  
Malik is Zach Taylor, ey the stress reliever  
Brown eyed shorty, chocolate like Godiva  
Fuck what you heard I'll make YOU a believer  
Me gettin burnt, that's like a white girl named Shareema  
You never see her, cause she's the black like Sarafina  
Set shit off like Monifah, nickel like Khadija  
So girls with fat asses and tits, nice to meet ya  
Do five plus five equals ten? Ask your teacher  
For God so loved the world he said Phife, ask your preacher  
Love to toot my own Horne, similar to Lena  
Before I take stage, I take sips of Aquefina  
Fucked Judy Jetson now they call me Jet Screamer  
Love my coffee dark so you can keep your dairy creamer  
Tribe fallin off well youse a got damn dreamer

Hah, yaknahmean?  
A word up a word up a word up a word up yo  
Have you heard the one make the crowd rock?  
Tribe Called Quest we haffa do it non-stop  
Listen to the radio we're never goin pop cause  
ya nah ready for dis yet, bwoy!  
Say ya nah ready, say ya nah ready  
Say ya nah ready for dis yet, bwoy!  
Say ya nah ready, say ya nah ready  
Say ya nah ready for dis yet, bwoy!  
And we out like that, fuck that

